THE Kentish Tragedy, OR, A WARNING-PIECE TO ALL Perjured Young Men. In THREE PARTS.

TEWKESBURY:

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THE KENTISH TRAGEDY, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PART I.

YOUNG lovers all, awhile attend,
To what I ſhall to you declare;
And before my ſubject ends,
It will cauſe you to let fall a tear.

One 'Squire Clark, of Maidſtone town,
A gentleman as it doth appear,
He had a virtuous lady bright,
By his wife likewiſe a daughter dear.

Elizabeth then it was her name,
Her parents loved her moſt dear,
For having never a child but ſhe,
They brought her up with tender care:

Great learning they on her beſtow'd,
And ſhe as attentive did it mind;
And to obey her parents dear,
And to mind the church was much inclin'd.

Her beauty and her virtues great,
They did ſurpaſs the world all round:
And the poor and needy ſhe would relieve,
Thus in charity ſhe did abound;

She gain'd the love of great and ſmall,
She was her parents chief delight:
And when to fifteen years ſhe came,
There came to her many a gallant knight,

And 'ſquire's to obtain her love,
And ſhe denied them the ſame,
For unto love ſhe was not inclin'd.
Although they were of birth and fame.

At length to her a courting came,
A wealthy goldſmith's only ſon,
He was the firſt that e'er indeed.
Her tender heart ſhe linked on.

Time after time to her he came,
Swearing he loved none but ſhe:
Vowing for ever to be true.
If ſhe'd conſent his bride to be.

Ten thouſand vows and oaths he made,
If e'er he once ſhould cruel be;
That hell might be his dwelling place,
For ever to eternity.

She thinking this his love was true,
She ſaid, I yield my heart to thee:-
Do thou but gain my friend's conſent,
And I do yield your bride to be.

Kiſſing her lips he thus reply'd,
Your words have overjoy'd my heart,
Then unto her parents dear,
Theſe melting words he did impart;

Dear honour'd ſir and lady bright,
A favour I do aſk of ye;
And pardon'd for my bold attempt,
If that you pleaſe to grant to me.

Speak up young man, the 'ſquire cry'd,
Your will forthwith come let me know;
Yes, ſir, 'tis your daughter dear,
For my bride on me beſtow.

Which favour would be more to me,
Than all beſides this earth doth bear;
For crowns and kingdoms I'd forſake,
For your daughter I do love ſo dear.

If you'll be true, the 'ſquire cry'd,
My daughter then I'll give to be,
If you her love can but obtain,
A beauteous bride, young man to thee.

The youth then falling on his knee,
He to the 'ſquire did reply,

For this may Christ the same repay,
With a crown of gold in heaven high,
Then back he to the lady went,
Kissing her lips, my dear, said he,
Your parents have given free consent,
That you my honour'd bride may be.
Which words did overjoy her heart,
Then they did vow each to be true,
Says he, my dear, while we have life,
I'll for ever adore your company.
A piece of gold they broke in twain
One half unto her then he gave,
Wishing which e'er of them prov'd false,
The wrath of God then they might have,
They pitch'd the day for to be wed,
On Easter-Sunday was the day,
And in the second part I'll tell,
How he this lady did betray,

PART II.

NOW to my second part give ear,
You men and maids to what is penn'd,
And see you how they the promise broke
Lest it be your ruin in the end.
This perjur'd, wicked, false young man,
To this youthful lady went,
The night before that they wed,
For to ruin her was fully bent.
My dear, said he, shall we go walk
Into the park a little while,
Where we of love awhile may talk,
She answer'd yes, with a pleasant smile,
Then coming to a lonesome place,
The birds most sweetly they did sing;
Thinks he her heart I will betray.
So his flattering speech did thus begin,

My jewel, and my ſoul's delight,
Our wedding day is drawing nigh?
I have one favour for to aſk,
And hope you will not me deny.

Your perſon now let me enjoy,
My heart in flames of love do burn;
At which poor lady ſhe reply'd,
If I do my honour is quite gone,

And you likewiſe will from me fly,
If I ſhould now yield unto you.
Why then, ſaid he, may God me forſake,
If I, my dear, now prove untrue.

Nay, may I find no reſting place.
But be oppreſſed with grief and woe:
And that God may all our pleaſures blaſt,
And my ſoul unto hell may go.

At this ſhe yielded to his will,
Saying, my dear, don't cruel be,
For tho' you crave my virgin bed,
To-morrow let me be your bride be.

But when he had his will of her,
Kiſſing her lips, he ſaid, my dear,
To-morrow by three of the clock,
You ſhall be my bride, ſo never fear.

If you your vows do not perform,
I am undone for evermore:
For if my father hear of the ſame,
He'll ſurely turn me out of door.

With treachery he from her did part,
And as he had his luſtful will;
Thinks he a token of my love
You have got to remember me ſtill,

Next morning, when they were to wed,
He out of town forthwith did go;
At which ſad news this damſel fair,
Was plunged into grief and woe.

Her parents went to her in ſcorn,
Saying, the truth to us reveal;

For why, we fear thou art with child,
And to his treacherous tale didſt yield.
Therefore the truth do not deny,
But unto us the truth declare:
Then I am innocent of ſuch crimes,
With which you charge me father dear.

Next morning this ſweet lady fair,
She left her parents dear,
And going into London town,
In Lombard-ſtreet ſhe ſaw him there.

She call'd unto him, and he came
To her, ſaying, Me forgive,
And I will ſtrive to make amends
For this wrong doing as I live.

All that I crave, my dear, ſhe ſaid,
Is that you would marry me:
Untill which time I never dare
My tender parents for to ſee:

He took her then about the neck,
Excuſe me, and my dear, ſaſd he,
We'll unto Graveſend take our way,
Aud then my bride you ſoon ſhall be.

Poor ſoul, along with him ſhe went,
And unto him did thus reply,
My dear, how far muſt we go this night,
For the night apace is drawing nigh,

To Deptford, which is but five miles,
Where to my couſins we will go:
But now begins the tragedy,
Which in the third part I will ſhow.

PART III.

THIS wicked, perjured young man,
Night coming on, for truth we hear,
The devil tempted this young man
For to murder this lady fair.

They coming near unto a wood,
He to his ſweetheart did reply,
Becauſe you was a whore to me,
I am reſolv'd you here ſhall die,

O do not take my life away,
Whom once you ſwore you lov'd ſo true,
Beſides I'm not prepar'd to die,
For the ſin I did commit with you.

You know full well you did me betray,
But yet I freely you forgive.
You ſtrumpet for yielding unto me,
I am reſolv'd you ſhall not live.

The tears then down her tender cheeks
Did flow, while ſhe to him did ſay,
O ſave my life for Chriſt's ſake,
Nor breathleſs leave this ſinful clay.

I do not care, this wretch, he ſaid,
Since you have been a whore to me.
For which I never can you love,
So here your butcher I will be.

Then pulling out a bloody knife,
He pierced it unto her heart,
Full ſix or ſeven times indeed,
Before her life did quite depart.

As he was in his villany,
And acting of this cruel part;
You wretch, ſaid ſhe, now do your worſt.
For my ſoul and body ſoon will part.

When that he found that ſhe was dead,
He left the murder'd body there;
And of this murder coming out,
Unto you ſoon I will declare.

He coming into Deptford town,
He ſtraitway to an inn did go;
And how the wrath of God indeed
Did overtake him I will ſhow.

As he was at his ſupper ſet,
A miniſter was alſo there,

Where the ſpirit of the lady bright,
Before them all then did appear.
With blood a running from the wound,
Which when the ſame this wretch did ſee,
Unto the miniſter indeed,
He did confeſs the tragedy.
Then catching up a fatal knife,
He ſaid my ſoul is loſt. I fear;
And before of him they could take hold,
He cut his throat from ear to ear.
You that have heard theſe mournful lines,
Don't prove deceitful in your love;
Leſt by the breaking of your vows,
You like him anger God above.

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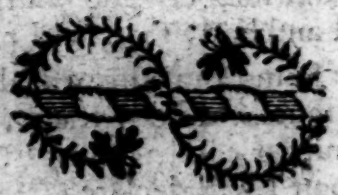
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